

“I’m reasonably certain this isn’t how you make a baking substitute. Or bread. Or anything that’s supposed to be eat-Spikes, are you sure I’m supposed to be able to do this, it feels like this recipe is going to self-destruct after I’m done with it.

“Trust me” - the tone with which the Rena said this made it clear that Tim *shouldn’t* - “It’s fine! I bought it off a friend who got it from Craigslist from a guy who found it lying on a laptop in a bar after-hours where their cousin worked, I’m pretty sure it’s legit.”

The sequence of words that had just come out of Spikes’ mouth did perhaps the exact opposite of what Spikes himself intended for them to do, which was impressive given how much effort the Renamon usually put into trying to convince the lynx to go along with their latest scheme. For them to so clearly *not care* about whether or not their idea would work, or if their partner would be willing to abide by the insanity, could only mean that Spikes had either lost it completely, or was so enamored by what he believed would happen that he couldn’t bring himself to pretend to be calm and collected... and, given how the Rena seemed perfectly sane otherwise, Tim had no recourse but to believe the latter option, which was why he was even going along with the whole thing in the first place. He was probably going to need additional cookware by the time he was done though; as much as the lynx wasn’t an expert cook, he knew enough about the culinary arts to be very certain that pots and pans weren’t supposed to emit so much smoke that the couple had to turn off the fire alarm, nor were they meant to rattle that hard with no obvious source of vibration. No recipe he’d ever seen contained depleted uranium and biofuel pellets in such large quantities either, raising the question of just *what* he was supposed to be cooking; taken with Spikes’ wide eyes, his hungry expression, and the occasional licking of the lips, there were so many red flags flying about that one could hardly see the ground. Yet, Tim kept going anyway; it wasn’t as if anything could actually harm him, and Spikes had survived some truly *astoundingly* hazardous situations, so as far as either of them cared, anything that could potentially come out of that cooking nightmare wasn’t liable to do anything more than leave a scratch. That is, of course, until the timer began ringing, signalling the end of the three-hour reduction process and, hopefully, the end of all that damned smoke filling the kitchen; as if on cue, the billowing plumes ceased, almost as if someone had cut through the pillars of dark-grey haze with an ethereal blade, severing them from their source. Left behind, in the enormous cast iron pot that used to be the perfect one for stews, was... well, Tim didn’t know *what* it was, but it certainly looked wrong enough that it justified the convoluted chain of events that led to Spikes getting hold of that recipe book (or recipe pamphlet... or recipe *dossier*, given the multiple instances of CLASSIFIED stamped on it in bright red ink). Stuck to the bottom of the pot was a thick, viscous goop, emerald-green in colour, settled so perfectly that it was difficult to tell at times whether it was actually a *very* still liquid, or congealed gelatin of sorts. And Tim had about five seconds to appreciate this before the Rena barged in to take a good look at it, a wide, manic grin spreading across his muzzle when he grabbed both sides of the pot, somehow managing to avoid any burns, and promptly lifted it before the lynx could do anything to stop him. The goop, obeying gravity as it very well should, then proceeded to... not splash all over Spikes’ face, but rather direct itself right into his mouth, as if funnelled into it by some

invisible force field. It rippled and bulged out in odd, abnormal ways, as if it was impelling itself forward and deliberately keeping to a shape that would keep any of it from spilling onto the floor, choosing instead to flow directly down the Renamon's gullet. A Renamon who, despite the obvious danger to his own health and safety, looked extremely pleased with himself, especially once he was done gorging on whatever that substance was and threw the pot onto the floor, where it then shattered into a million pieces as if made of brittle ice. All of this happened within the span of about ten seconds, leaving Tim with very little to do but stare in slack-jawed amusement at just what the hell had happened in front of him. He'd get his answers sooner rather than later, when Spikes' belly began to rumble at a volume that was perhaps *too* loud for anyone in the vicinity to feel remotely comfortable; it was the sort of noise that only made itself known when someone made some truly unfortunate choices in what they consumed, or, alternatively, decided to go binge some junk food at three o'clock in the morning after a particularly heavy night of drinking. Seeing as neither of those things were true, Tim's eyebrows were both firmly cocked and ready to see just what in blazes was going to happen, which just so happened to be a whole lot of swelling. Nothing that unusual in that household; plenty of swelling happened on the regular whether or not the two of them intended for it to happen, but that one was... different. There were no muscles, no cumtanks bloating, no cock thickening to the point where it could be used as a tree branch to hang from; rather, it was (rather appropriately) Spikes' *belly* which began to expand outwards, resulting in a very contented-looking Rena taking both hands down to his gut to massage it and give it a good rubdown, sinking his fingers ever so slightly into the burgeoning pudge. The reason why became evident just a few moments later, when their skin and fur began to change colour... to a rather conspicuous emerald-green. Just as the apparent texture of them started to shift as well, Tim rolled his eyes, let loose a loud, theatrically overblown sigh, then pulled up a chair; he wouldn't be getting out of the kitchen now, not when Spikes was between him and the door, most certainly a deliberate play on their end. Nevermind the fact that the Rena was already on their knees and basically unable to think about anything other than moaning whenever he felt and-or heard the rumbling of his slime-stuffed belly, his body gradually turning into the same colour as the living goop that Tim had inadvertently helped to create. Honestly, making synthetic life wasn't even the weirdest thing that had happened in that kitchen *that month*, but the lynx would've at least preferred if Spikes had just told him what the plan was; instead, now the both of them had to wait until the inevitable point when the Rena's bloated gut began to overtake all the space around it, so the *real* fun could begin. Tim *could* start earlier; it was entirely within his power to throw himself onto the Renamon and start rubbing away, but he knew better than to try and do so, not until said Rena was nice, plump, juicy, and *begging* for stimulation. That last bit was the most important, to be fair, as it marked the point beyond which a good rubdown would be *required*, lest Spikes end up a sourpuss after being blue-balled too badly; not that Tim would ever be so mean as to outright deny his beloved Rena the arousal they needed, but it was important for them to understand the value of when to tease, and when to let rest... especially when this "rest" was so heavily characterized by a whole lot of slime-like bloating, courtesy of whatever the hell it was the lynx was persuaded to cook up.

All of Spikes' form had begun to take on a more rounded countenance, not just his belly; while the Rena's midriff was certainly the part that most befitted from the infusion of slime mass, the fattening agent seemed to spread to the rest of him in some way or another, not only turning him into an increasingly large, goopy, emerald-green sphere, but fattening up his arms and legs to the point where he couldn't walk even if he wanted to. That was a pretty big "if" as well; stranded as he was underneath a gut that refused to stop swelling, the Rena couldn't be happier with the way things had turned out. Really, if not for the fact that he was gritting his teeth to help deal with the pleasure overload, he would've been moaning like a slut the whole time, begging for more whenever the sensations grew too powerful for him to remain halfway cognizant of what he was actually asking for. Soft burbles filled the air, as the goop multiplying within Spikes' body overtook his entire physiology, turning flesh to multipurpose slime and muscle to more slime and bone to even *more* slime, until most of the Rena was just a huge, semi-spherical, translucent mass that nonetheless retained its shape quite nicely instead of splattering all over the ground. He was like gelatin, almost as if he'd been cast in a mould and now refused to leave whatever form he was given, even if said form was highly variable as a result of the slime entity still not being done; while Spikes' arms and legs remained as they were, albeit slightly more rounded and pudgier, most of his body mass was focused entirely on his immense, rotund belly, a colossal, room-obscuring, wall-pushing, table-cracking and counter-occupying gut that rumbled and slorshed with such intensity that Tim was left blushing at the thought of what it would be like if he did something stupid, like throw himself in there, or at least just hugged the damned mass and let fate take the wheel. As for the Rena, he was too busy being overwhelmed by his own form to really understand anything of what was happening to him; all he could manage to do was push his hands into a torso that was little more than a huge ball of slime, at that point barely able to move past his enlarged, flabby pecs to reach the *real* prize of the show. It was impressive really, just how enormous that belly became, and how *warm* it was as well; the lynx couldn't help himself, not when he had it so close to him, not when it was just *there* for him to take and he had no reason not to do so. He couldn't stop his body from moving on practically its own accord, having him throw himself onto the surprisingly soft and gelatinous surface of the Renamon's gut. It was, indeed, just like slightly molten rubber, insofar as molten rubber managed to keep itself stuck in one piece rather than splitting off whenever anyone touched it; there was some amount of give to it, so much so that Tim could easily plunge his arms into his partner's belly all the way up to their elbows (and presumably even deeper; he just didn't think to keep going), but unlike what one might expect, the Rena's form remained in one singular piece. As malleable as he may be, there were no thick strands of goop clinging to Tim's hands and arms, no chunks of slime falling off whenever there was an abrupt growth spurt or the Rena bumped into a sharp corner. His "skin" was very much a solid surface, even if one with a surprising amount of give, and as soon as he understood this, Tim no longer had any reason to hold back. Part of his reluctance to go as far as he *could* was precisely because he didn't know whether it would do anything to harm Spikes; it was entirely possible that the transformation had left him with nonexistent structural integrity, and the last thing the lynx wanted to do was scrape his partner off the walls and ceiling

in order to put him back. As soon as he realized this wasn't the case though? Well, the Rena best believe the lynx immediately went to town, *plunging* himself deep into Spikes' belly, perfectly convinced that there was no way this could possibly go wrong. And, for a short while, it didn't; just like Tim had anticipated, what he had there was not the goopy and barely-solid body of a proper slime, but the pliable softness of a creature that could only exist through the absurd excesses of someone like the Rena, whose complete disregard for his own body was only matched by his ability to turn it into something *absurdly* enjoyable whenever he set his mind to it. Of course, this could only last for so long before fate did indeed conspire to take the wheel and show Tim just why he should still be wary of throwing caution to the wind, because, as it turned out, Spikes' new slime self might be solid, but it wasn't *impermeable*. It happened quickly enough that the lynx couldn't react to it (not that he *would* even if he could, but still): one moment he was merely buried within a good foot of slimy pudge, and the next, with a mighty, room-rumbling *glorp*, he was inside. No fanfare, no warning, just a simple change of state, where one second he still had air around him, and the next he was fully surrounded by slime in every direction, his body somewhat stiff as the interior of Spikes' body turned out to be far more congealed than even Tim expected. He thought about opening his mouth, but immediately reconsidered when he felt something pushing against his closed lips; taken with the muffled giggling coming from above, the lynx was left to assume that Spikes had developed significant control over of his new form and was *dying* for an opportunity to start pumping himself into his lover at the slightest possible opening. Given how the tight grip of the slime itself seemed only to get tighter as the seconds ticked by, Tim was left to realize that he'd just made a *very* big mistake... yet one that he would do again if given the chance, because if there was anything that made every button on his control panel go wild, it was that exact scenario: himself, stuck inside his slime lover, with the latter trying their level best to make another slime out of him, stuck inside a room much too small to handle just one of them, much less two colossi of goop. Really, it was all that he could ask for.

Even if he would only leave hours later.

If at all.